

# This Gadfly

Count Zero

These imperfections,  
These infections  
That all of you introduced me to  
(when I was waddling,  
Wrapped in swaddling,  
One or two),  
Have become habits,  
Automatic,  
Second nature. I hope you're happy  
With these beasts like me you've made.  
'Cause we're sick boys and  
We've been poisoned  
But by your standards we're just fine  
Especially when we make your grade.

So here you have "La  
Ferme de Pavlov."  
Here we are, mouths watering over  
Girls and guns.  
But I won't race in-  
To formation  
Like the others if the big flood ever comes.  
'Cause I've got theorems  
They're the serums  
For diseases you disseminate.  
See Reason's Might hide  
In my right eye.  
Look at my left, it's full of dreams.  
I open one up, close the other  
Depending on the situation.  
I'm perfecting how to operate.

So that when the Flood comes  
This Gadfly flies away.